11630. b. 6

POEMS
ON SEVERAL
OCCASIONS,
ENGLISH and *LATIN.*

By the Rev. Mr.
JOHN DANIEL COTTON,
Maſter of the Grammar School in *Newbury, Berks.*

Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus eſſe poetas,
Excerpam numero :
Hor. Sat. Lib. 1. Sat. 4.

(Tamen) *hæc ſint qualiacunque*
Arridere velim ; doliturus ſi placeant ſpe
Deteriùs noſtrâ.
Ib. Lib. 1. Sat. 10.

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Robert Worſley, of *Pidford*, Iſle of Wight, Eſq;
James Worſley, of *Stenbury*, ditto, Eſq;
Rev. Mr. Francis Worſley, Fellow of *New College*, *Oxford*
Rev. Mr. Whiſtler, Rector of *Dinton*, *Wilts*
Abraham Weeks, of *Rookley*, *Hants* Eſq;
John Willis, of *Ringwood*, Eſq;
Rev. Mr. James Willis, Vicar of *Sopley*
Mr. Thomas Willis, Student at *Winchester College*
Rev. Mr. Wilks, Rector of *Weſt Woodhay*, *Hants*
Rev. Mr. Whiting, Fellow of *Oriel College*, *Oxford*
Henry Windham, of *Saliſbury*, Eſq;
Henry Wells, of *Brambridge*, *Hants*. Eſq;
Rev. Mr. Joſeph Warton, Rector of *Winſlade*
Rev. Mr. Thomas Warton, Fellow of *Trinity College*, *Oxford*
James Warde, of *Crabborne*, *Hants*. Eſq;
Richard Willoughby, of *Salisbury*, Eſq;
Thomas Wallis, of *Inglewood Park*, *Berks*. Eſq;
Mrs. Waring, Governeſs of the Boarding School, *Newbury*
Mr. Whitmore, Fellow of *New College*, *Oxford*
Benjamin Wheeler, of *Trinity College*, *Oxford*
Edward Weller, of *C. C. C. Oxford*
Weller, Junr. of ditto
Matthew Woodford, Junr. of *Southampton*

John Woodford
Edward Withers, Junr. Surgeon in *Newbury*
John Wilkins, of *Brecknock*, *Wales*
William Wilcox, of *Portſmouth*
John White, of *Romſey*, *Hants*
John White, of *Bramley*
Mrs. Woodward, of *Wincheſter*
Rev. Mr. Thomas Winbolt, of *Lymington*, *Hants*
Mr. Thomas Goodridge Waller, of *Wincheſter*
Benjamin Winkworth, of ditto
John Wilde, of *Portſmouth*
John Watts, of *Baſingſtoke*
John Wooll, Junr. of *Wincheſter*.
Jecon Wellard, Eſq;
Mr. Whitmarſh.

Y

Rev. Richard Yates, D. D. of St. *James's Square*, *London*

Z

—— Zinzan, M. D. of *Beenham*, *Berks*

ERRATA.

Page 7. Line 11. *for cur'd*, read *lur'd*. p. 20. l. 18. *for vincto*, read *vinclo*. l. 21. *for Vinctorum*, read *Vinclorum*. p. 22. l. 8. *for Pupureos*, read *Purpureos*. p. 23, l. 6. *for vincto*, read *vinclo*. l. 14. *for ſinc*, read *ſine*. p. 26. l. 20. *for Paſs*, read *Paſs'd*. p. 28. l. 8. *for ſuſpend*, read *ſuſpend*. l. 20. *for alter*. read *altar*. p. 37. l. 9. *for Viginibus*, read *Virginibus*. p. 38. *line* 1. *for cenferre*, read *conferre*. p. 39. l. 3. *for Fuiarum*, read *Furiarum*. l. 12. *for comiteſques*, read *comiteſque*. p, 40. l. 2, *for dificerent*, read *deficerent*. l. 6. *for ſenſus*, read *ſenſus*. l. 7. *for Ignes*, read *Ignea*. p. 64. l. 9. *for this*, read *his*.

Reverendis admodum Viris

Cuſtodi, Archididaſcalo, Hypodidaſcalo,

Et Sociis Collegii Wintonienſis,

Hæc Poemata, ſive potius

Luſus juvenilès,

Tyrocinii

Sub eorum Curâ et Patrocinio acti

Gratè Memor,

Societati Wiccamicæ

Fauſta omnia precatus

D. D. D.

J. D. Cotton.

11 - 49

To fit Ti,

Anglicé Cramping.

Written at WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

PEGASUS exultet *Pindo* licet arduus, alti
Impatiens equitis, me *Bellerephontis* imago
Effusi, et subito correptus turbine vertex
Ut potius pedes ire velim, cantemque pedestres
Præmonuit numeros, Pes ergó carminis hujus
Materies, digitique affini jure sodales.

Siqua puer doctus missas celare placentas
Secessu intrusus furtivo roderit ore
Maternum munus, pœnæ haud securus, inultam

Non pubem eludet, ſi quæ nodoſa tenaci
Funiculo virtus, agilique aſtutia dextræ.
Quis puer exiguam non parco ex ære trientem
Expromet, lori pretium? futoria merces
Hoc nummo, validum cerato robore linum
Vendet, cui ſetæ peracuto in fine rigeſcunt
Porcinæ, quo non funis mordacior alter
Hæreſcat digito, aut ſtrictos magè torqueat artus.
Mox, ubi privato conſumpſit edulia morſu
Munera, lorum emitur; jam nox fatalis, avaræ
Pæna gulæ; dudum ſiluit compago, ſeratæ
Nec crepuere fores, feſſos ſopor occupat artus:
Stertit clamantem vincat quod *Stentora*; nodos
Jam ligat artifices, cui ſit fiducia dextræ
Subtilis, formatque arcto ſubtemine filum.
Jam lecto lenté proreptum eſt, quo tuba naſi
Monſtrat iter, radiis etiam ducente lucernâ
Auſpicioque facis, leviori dextera tactu
Stragula cauta levat, turpes et leniter ungues
Exponit, naſo ſtertit tamen ille canoro
Neſcius uſturæ nocturno angore catenæ.

Sic male *Deiphobus* thalamis edormiit, horâ
Jam noctis mediâ, nimis heu! uxorius, artis
Fæmineæ, et ſcelerum tantorum ignarus, *Epei*
Neſcius aſtuti, cum jam fatale minatur
Ferrum, et ſopiti jugulo ſtat mucro mariti.
Turba jocans ſordes digitorum ridet odoras
Obſcænoſque pedes, fædum ſuffimen honeſtas
Corrugat nares, præſertim ferveat aura
Siquandó æſtiva, atque exurat *Sirius* agros.
Non defendit odor, digito ſed tortile lorum
Stringitur, implexos et fortis dextera nexus
Arctiús innodat; varios per ſomnia tortus
Dans Magnum horrendumque gemit, crudelis imago
Territat in ſomnis, vinctum ſe compede Furis
Falſa monet forma eluſique Chimæra cerebri.
Verſantem in lecto ſeque in ſua membra plicantem
Inſtantes rident pueri miſerumque fatigant.
Qualis *Ariſtæi* cum vinctus compede *Proteus*
Indignans torquet corpus, frendetque malignis
Dentibus, et flavas nequicquam calcat arenas;
Torquentem ſeſe et luctantem abrumpere nodos

Cæruleæ

Cæruleæ rident Nymphæ, quæ per mare nantes
Littora grata petunt, virides ficcantque capillos.
Jam magis accreſcit dolor, irrequieta moleſto
Membra toro, vitulos jam dormitare marinos
Deſinit, ingenti quin perſonat atria planctu,
Et veram ſentit pænam, jam pollice crudo
Uritur, et torto funis ceratus inhæret.
Alternare preces tremebundâ voce minaſque
Cogitur, et dubios ſingultim promere queſtus.
Sic Nautæ, quoties violento turbidus Auſtro
Corruit imber aquis, nigrâque cohorreat undâ
Tempeſtas, clamant trepidi, jam pectore ab imo
Effudêre preces, dubiâ nunc morte laborant
Atlantes Fluctus, fuſum ruit ore rotundo
Dirarum omne genus, mixtisque alterna profanis
Vota, audit cælum accentus et conſcius æther
Incertoſque ſonos de monte repercutit Echo.
Dura nimis pubes: tantine injuria cænæ?
Tantaſne exeſæ pænas meruere placentæ?
Hæcne cupido gulæ? nodos diſſolve, nec ultrà
Torqueat implicitos crudelis dextera nexus.

Aſpice!

Aſpice! quam mordax crudo de pollice cera
Raditur, ægroti velut acris puſtula tergum
Excoriat pellemque trahit, torto ore dolorem
Vix fert extremum, gemitus ciet indè ſupremos,
Cum tandem loro requiêrunt membra ſoluto.
Hîc finis digiti tortorum, flebile fatum
Pænaque avaritiæ: placido ſi fortè ſopori
Componit caput, eludunt Phantaſmata ſenſus,
Perſentitque novas dirâ ſub imagine pænas,
Tortor idem terret, mentiſque inamabilis angor.
Vos *Wiccamiculi* lecto dormire quieto
Si vultis, placidaſque ſereno pectore noctes
Tranſigere, hic faciles præbete attentiùs aures:
Sit comitum ſincerus amor, communia nunquam
Sit qui dicta foras eliminet, hic procul abſit
Introrſum turpis, ſpecioſus pelle decorâ.
Nullus avaritiæ fautor; concordia cætus
Wiccamicos beet, et niveis circumvolet alis.
Sic ſine lite dies; noctes dormire quietas
Sic dabitur, pænæ nec ludicer ingruet horror.

Poverty.

POVERTY.

In Imitation of Mr. PHILIP's Splendid Shilling.

Written at WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

HAPPY the man! whose weighty purse contains
Or yellow gold, pale silver, or the coin
Of ruddy copper; he on cheerful thoughts
Enjoys a mental feast, nor pines with care.
The chink of gold with gold (transporting sound!)
Excels the timbrel, or the Siren's voice
Harmonious, or the whisper soft
Of Zephir, warbled thro' the breathing flute
To sleeping Beauty, by assiduous Love,
In midnight serenade. Gold, magic spell!

Secures

Secures from wants and woes, from bitter ſtill
Extracts the ſweets of life, and leaves the dregs
To Poverty and Me. Say, favour'd Youths!
When from the bag's wide mouth, or ſecret ſlit
Of *Fob*, you joyous draw the glitt'ring gold,
What pride, what pleaſure kindles in your breaſt!
Grief flies, nor Mem'ry, if ſhe views, regrets
Home, happy ſeat of freedom and delight!
Where letter'd tyranny no more decrees
The taſk laborious, but the vacant mind
Is free to ev'ry bliſs, and cur'd by all,
Inſatiate riots on parental love.

But I nor join the gingling ſport of chuck,
Nor chiming ring my coin, but debtor too,
Far from the tread of ſocial foot, the Shout
Of mingled joy, with ſlow and ſilent pace,
Alone thro' unfrequented glades I rove:
Loſt in the mazes of diſtracting thought,
My mind too wanders, by no converſe cheer'd.

Thus, when the birds in wanton bands combine,
And round and round in ſportive circles glide,

Or

Or perch'd on ſome tall willow's bending top,
In joyful concert pour the blended ſtrain;
The ſolitary bat, in chimney's dark,
Or hollow tree, abſconds, nor dares enjoy
The noon-tide breeze of balmy ſpring; when eve
Prolongs the deep'ning ſhade, and cheerleſs night
Steals o'er the fading landſcape, thro' the gloom
She wings her ſolitary flight, while ghoſts
Glide ſilent o'er the haunted green, or ſtart
At the 'lone owl's ſhrill ſcream, ill-omen'd ſound!
But lo! to ſharpen pain with ſights of bliſs,
And ſcourge with Envy's ſcorpions, where, by years
Bent double, on her weary arm, an hag
The loaden baſket bears; tott'ring with haſte,
And grinning ſhe approaches: ſee! with joy
A welcome crowd ſurrounds her; money now
Bears off or Nonpareil, or ſweet Permain,
Or Reinette, golden fruit! I, like the fam'd
Tho' wretched *Tantalus*, whom thund'ring *Jove*
Plung'd into Hell's ſulphureous deep abyſs,
In midſt of plenty, poor and meagre ſtand.

Yet

Yet *Tantalus* one wretched comfort boaſts,
Society in woe; near him renew'd
Prometheus's liver, doom'd the living food
Of the ſtill hung'ring Vulture. *Siſyphus*
Straining each nerve in unavailing toil,
Up the ſteep hill ſcarce moves the pond'rous ſtone.
Ixion, bound in galling chains, is whirl'd
Round with the reſtleſs wheel. I, wretched I,
In poverty, that complicated curſe, ſuſtain
The plague of each, no fellow ſuff'er nigh.

At night I quaff no ſweet nectareous juice,
Nor laugh at merry Pun or jocund tale,
But, like the damn'd, when *Orpheus* charm'd the ſhades,
With Face diſtorted ſcrew a painful ſmile.
While others o'er the golden poſſet chat,
Whoſe yellow ſtreams like fam'd *Pactolus* flow
Redundant, with a Jug of ſmall-beer ſlip,
Wants cheerleſs potion, I deſerted ſit
Like meagre hermit in a gloomy grot
With trees embower'd, and far from human ſight.
To ſuch retreat, from all things vile and vain,

The glare of wealth, and blandiſhment of joy,
O lead me, God of Silence! hide me here
From Inſolence and Scorn; where Poverty
Preſides, the poor have peace. Receive me, then,
Pale Goddeſs! from the ſhine of Gold I fly.
Thus, when the gaudy Sun in glitt'ring car
Ariſes, lo! afar the glooomy ſhades
Depart, and vaniſh from the roſy Morn,
With *Chaos* mixing and maternal Night.

A PASTORAL ESSAY.

Written in 1748.

Occaſion'd by the great ECLIPSE.

PENSIVE ſat *Colin* at the break of day,
His bleating flocks around him ſporting play:
New fragance ſtealing as they ſweep the plain,
The morning breezes fan the thoughtful ſwain;

On

On quiv'ring wings the ſongſters of the ſky
O'er his head hover, or fleet warble by;
But not the beauties that the morn diſplay'd,
Nor bleating flocks that ſporting round him play'd,
Nor fragrant breezes, nor the warbling throng
That near him thrill'd the ſweetly varied ſong,
Chaſe from his breaſt the glooms of dark deſpair,
Or from his brow diſperſe the Clouds of care;
But lo! his *Phœbe* with a graceful mien,
Now ſwiftly trips it o'er the diſtant green;
At her approach he ſlowly rais'd his head,
And thus with looks of love and grief he ſaid.

COLIN.

'Tis *Thurſday* morn, lo! yonder riſing Sun
Haſtes the laſt remnant of his courſe to run,
Ere noon 'tis finiſh'd, and his fading light,
Then leaves theſe fields in everlaſting night;
Some gloomy pow'r uſurps his golden throne,
And ſweeps us, *Phœbe*, to ſome realms unknown,
Some unknown realms, where *Phœbe* ſought in vain,
No more with am'rous wiles ſhall charm her ſwain;

Time

Time was, that *Colin* on thy heaving breaſt
Was ſooth'd from care, and lull'd to blifsfull reſt;
With thee reclining on the mountain's brow,
The proſpect charm'd, yet lovelier proſpect thou!
With thee, in dance I lightly trod the green,
Blithe as the Fairies by pale moonlight ſeen.

PHÆBE.

O *Colin!* let me ſtop that riſing ſigh,
Sooth thy pain'd breaſt, and wipe thy ſwimming eye;
With thee I'll go, whatever woes betide,
Cure what I can, and what I can't, divide;
Shou'dſt thou thro' air in furious winds be hurl'd,
In the ſame ſtorm I'd drive from world to world;
Shou'dſt thou be plung'd below the reach of night;
With thee I'd wander thro' the realms of night;
Shou'dſt thou glide ſilent o'er the haunted plain,
With wings of Love I'd catch my darling Swain.

COLIN.

Vain frantic thought! thy *Colin* far from thee
Shall ſoon be waſted, on ſome ſtormy ſea,
Or wrapt in clouds, and blown we know not where,

Our

Our pale grim ghoſts ſhall whirl about in air;
Shall thou then bloom thus eminent in charms?
Then can'ſt thou catch me panting to thy arms?

PHÆBE.

But gentle minds a gentler fate ſhall ſhare,
Nor wrapt in clouds nor blown we know not where;
For there are bliſsful plains, ſweet ſcenes below,
Where faithful Lovers never taſte of woe;
Where ſtreams for ever purl, and Zephyrs ſigh,
And riſing flow'rs ſpontaneous ſweets ſupply;
There cloſe embower'd within the myrtle grove,
The bleſt ſhall triumph in immortal Love;
There ever conſtant, *Colin* ſhall abide,
And *Phæbe* ſmile, for ever at his ſide.

COLIN.

For faithful Lovers this, for thee remains;
But what for faithleſs nymphs, and perjur'd Swains?
Inconſtant, cruel, I but once was true,
True to one Fair, and that one Fair was you;
Inconſtant, cruel, to the nymph I woo'd;

In

In vain her feet my parting steps pursu'd
In vain did *Phillis*, drowning ev'ry grace,
Bedew with pearly drops her lovely face;
Deaf to her cries, and to her sorrows blind,
To pale despair her love, my scorn resign'd:
So shall just Heav'n reject the pray'rs I make,
And scorn my sighs and tears, for *Phillis*'s sake.

PHÆBE.

This hour, repentant, to the Nymph return,
For thee her breast still beats, her wishes burn;
Soon reconcil'd, her pray'rs shall rise with thine,
A sweet attonement to the pow'rs divine.

COLIN.

But say, can'st thou resign my fond embrace,
And view a rival happy in thy place?
When thro' *Elysium* at my side she roves,
And sighs eternal love in *Pluto*'s groves.

PHÆBE.

Alas! thy words have taught my heart to fear;

To

To *Damon* faithleſs, tho' to thee ſincere;
His vows I heard, and bid him hope the bliſs,
Receiv'd his preſents, and return'd his kiſs;
Then proud of conqueſt, tho' ſubdu'd by thee,
With ſcorn I left him, yet he ſighs for me;
To him I fly, on him my fate depends,
And mercy ſtill, if he forgives, deſcends:
And witneſs thou, O Sun! fair orb of light,
Who ſoon ſhall ſink, ſuffus'd in endleſs night,
My guilty paſſion here at once ſhall end,
Of *Colin*, now no lover, but a friend;
With joy I'll ſee his years of bliſs increaſe,
Where falſhood, grief, and jealouſy ſhall ceaſe;
Damon ſhall ſmile to ſee his *Phœbe* ſhed
Elyſian flow'rs, o'er happy *Colin*'s bed:
In hallow'd urns to thee, unblam'd, I'll bring
The cooling cryſtal of the bubbling ſpring;
No envy there ſhall ſocial hearts enthral,
But each one's bliſs, ſhall be the bliſs of all.

She ſaid, high noon arrives; the lovers found
The darkneſs fled, and daylight pour'd around:
And now, without remorſe, th' embolden'd Swain
Hugs

Hugs close his *Phœbe* to his Breast again;
For hapless *Damon*, *Phœbe*'s scorn returns,
And all her breast with love for *Colin* burns.
Thus oft, with *Fear*, *Repentance* quits the heart:
Weigh well the Moral that my strains impart.

TEMPLUM HYMENÆI.

QUAM turbam cerno? quò tot vestigia ducunt?
Ad templum, O *Hymenæe*, tuum, quo sævior uno
Non Deus, hostiles meditanti pectore curas
Humano generi, semper tibi jurgia cordi,
Prœliaque et lites, et linguæ fulmina; quanquam
Clementis speciem præfers, vultuque decoro
Blanditias geris, et mendaci astutus ocello
Gaudia mille vibras; quin si quis pectora posset
Inspicere, occultasque intus deprendere fraudes,
Insidias vitare tuas, et cœlibe vitâ

Tranquillum

Tranquillum posset traducere leniter ævum.

En Deus antè fores, quarum de limine flores
Purpurei arrident, multoque *Cupidine* postes
Cælati eliciunt vacuam sine pectore turbam.
Hic nitido (illecebræ dulces) *Venus* aurea curru
Invehitur, fidasque regit de more columbas:
Mammarum globuli fusâ nive candidiores,
Deliciis tumidi, dextrâ trepidante videntur
Velle premi: pulchram inferiùs decrescere formam
Et lentè sensim minui justo ordine cernas,
Quà cestus mediam felix amplexus, amorum
Felices juxtà sedes et limen adhæret.
Nuda genu: leni vestis circumflua vento
Visa dari, veros mentito marmore flatus.

Aspice quot juvenes (fatalia corpora!) templum
Introeunt redeuntque, fores discrimine nullo
Dant regum pueris aditum campique colonis.
Nemo nisi vates, (hac in re scilicet unâ
Quam felix!) fugit insidias, insanior ipso
Nympha foret, vati dextram quæ jungeret, ex quo
In triviis panem fletura poetica proles
Nascatur, queruloque infestet carmine vicos.

Ecce novo felix juvenis veſtitus amictu,
Neſcius, heu! quæ fata manent, ad templa futuram
Uxorem ducit, vittiſque et flore nitentem
Phillida, quæ dubiâ contriſtet prole parentem.
Dimidium, et miſeros funeſtet litibus annos.

Sic tauri quos dura manus jam deſtinat aræ
Flore coronati frontes, vittiſque ſuperbi.
Compita ſolenni paſſu Romana peragrant,
Nec percuſſores juxtà cultrumque minantem
Reſpiciunt, feſtâque revinctos fronde *Quirites*.

Nulli certa quies, poſito, ecce! ſenecta bacillo
Florentem ducit greſſu titubante puellam,
Et coitus iterum jam tentatura priores
Enumerat pugnas, venaſque refecta ſeniles
Pulvere muſcarum *Venerem* cogente futuram,
Spes vana! eluſæ molitur gaudia ſponſæ
Nequicquam: quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri ſacra fames; Te, te, quæcunque videris
Nacta voluptatem plenâ locupletior arcâ,
Cura manet, quanto patriis felicior arvis
Æquales inter, cum te divina bearet
Libertas, hilareſque dedit ſine conjuge luſus!

Ecce

Ecce autem ad templum greſſus ut adurget aniles
Læta ſuo *Corydone Chloe*, ficto ille tumultu
Stringit amans dextram, riſus cæca illa procaces
Se putat elicere, arcanum quos elicit aurum.

Jam flavos animo (fallacia gaudia) nummos
Enumerat, pretio ſervili turpiter emptos.
Invidiâ ſine collectis miſer undique ſaccis
Poſſe frui dabitur, nocturno frigidus oſtro
Temet ama, pigriſque hyemes inglorius ulnis.
Quò properas? nè tende pedes, moderatiùs ito;
Noctes atque dies patet alti janua templi,
Sed revocare gradum duroſque abrumpere nexus,
Hoc opus, hic labor eſt; mordacia vincula collo
Servili hæreſcent, dum mors clementior illam
Vel te felicem optatâ tellure recondat.

Vos mihi, *Pierides*, vos mecum cælibe vitâ
Gaudentes, varias comites monſtrate figuras
Introrſum, et ſculpto viventia corpora vitro,
Conjugii veras, *Vulcania* munera, formas.

Ecce aras ſuprà capiti quam dira minentur
Cornua, quæ thalamos decorent horrenda futuros;

Qualia

Qualia nec jactat domini caput arietis, altos
Dum peragrat montes, comitesque in pascua ducit
Lanigeras, curvosque ostendit frontis honores.
Qualia nec, *Vulcane*, geris, dum vincula *Marti*
Subdolus innectas, nudæque insignia sponsæ
In lucem rapias, et mystica prodis amorum.

Lunarum formas dextrâ lævâque frequentes
Cernere erit, quarum toto pars plenior orbe
Melle novo rident, flavescit circulus auro;
Cujus et in medio, variæ læto ordine formæ,
Et *Venus*, et *Nymphæ* exultant, puer ipse *Cupido*
Turbâ alatorum fratrum comitante, choreas
Ludicer exercet sociosque instigat amores.
Ast aliis orbes sensim decrescere cernas,
Cornua felle virent, flentes hinc inde figuræ
Et Dolor, et malesuada Fames, et turpis Egestas
Circumstant, Iræque et non placabile Bellum.

Parte alia conjux vincto malè nexus aheno
Belligeræ uxori, demisso vertice, duros
(Stultitiæ pœnas) infelix sustinet ictus.
Vinctorum nodos abrumpere velle videtur:
Neqiucquam;

Nequicquam ; inſequitur dextrâ lævâque fatigans.
Ecce manu capiti oppoſitâ, cubitoque reflexo
In genua, infelix juvenis, ſimiliſque dolenti
Aſſidet uxori, furtivos neſcit amores,
Nec ruptura cutem frontis turgentia ſentit
Cornua, deluſum quaſi vulneris inſcia, ſponſum
Illa fovet, veras fallaci pectore curas
Mentita, ægroto ſimul ægrotatque marito.

Undique cornutos oculo percurrite fratres,
Debita connubiorum inhoneſtâ fronte gerentes
Præmia, ſervili pariter nexoſque catenâ.
Heu nimium miſeros ! quam ſpes illuſit inanis !
Gaudia qui nuper (quid non ſibi ſomnia fingunt)
Sperârunt animo, dum latro alvearia cælebs
Poſſidet, et flavos avidè rimatur acervos,
Mel totum rapiens, fel tantum et amara quieto
(Reliquias turpes) linquens impunè marito.

Quin veſtiga oculis et dextro pariete formam
Aſpicias placidam, læto ridere videtur
Jucundum vultu ; quibus hæc exorſa voluptas
Auſpiciis homini ? quid ſit niſi mortua conjux ?

Pullati

Pullati circum lætum et funebre tuentes
Gaudia teſtantur, terram ſubitura parentem
Portantur multo (bona fata) cadavera collo.
Antè aras ſupplex binos de more juvencos
Plutoni cædit, feſſâ qui vincula rupit
Cervice, ingentemque tibi, *Proſerpina*, vaccam.
Sanguineas effuſa comas furialis *Erynnis*
Pupureos regum thalamos, inopumque ſopores
Stramineos pugnis et ſævâ lite moleſtat.

Ecce toros circum *Cytherea* frequenſque *Cupido*
Purpureos ſternunt flores, dum melleus ordo
Lunarum nondum lites admittit; at indè
Friget amor, motu alarum mox agmine facto
Aufugiunt. *Iræ* ardentes *Furiæque* cruentæ
Turbatos abigunt vultuque et voce minaces.
Pars *Stygios* latices et nigri flumen *Averni*
Peſtiferum circumfundunt, dirique jugales
Inficiunt ſucci lethali aſpergine lectos.
Pars vigiles circum, fatalia munera, curas
Spargere amant et mixtarum diſcordia rerum
Semina, quæ vitam ſuprema ad fata moleſtent.

Sat

Sat luſtratum oculis, jamdudum ægreſcere cæpi,
Et corpus mentemque novus circumſtetit horror;
Muſa! gradum retrò flectas, properèque reductos
Templum extrà mihi ſiſte pedes lucemque revifas.

Jamque opus exegi mihi ſaltem exempla daturum
Nè cui me vincto vellem ſociare jugali.
At nuper vix non miſerorum infanior horum
Me numero addideram, cum Nympha *Ægyptia Phœbo*
Plena Deo, diræque mihi prænuntia ſortis,
Aſſe dato, tales miſero denuntiat iras.
" Uxorem fac evites, ſævoſque *Hymenæos*:
" Gaude forte tuâ; nam ſi potiore metallis
" Libertate cares, et te connubia tentent,
" Illæti ſinc pace dies, et noctis amaræ
" Te vigiles curæ liteſque et bella manebunt.
" (Dedecus æternum) jam fronti turgida cerno
" Cornua". Sic fatur, preſſoque obmutuit ore.
Sic, *Hymenæe*, tuis (*Dii* nobis omina firment)
Illuſi inſidiis, ſic me ſervavit *Appollo*.

The

The TEMPLE *of* HYMEN.

Tranſlated from the Latin.

WHERE leads yon path by haſty thouſands trod?
To *Hymen*'s temple — unrelenting God!
Sworn foe to human kind, whoſe boſom breeds
Keen taunts, debate, and ſtrife, and hoſtile deeds,
Conceal'd from mortal eye with ſpecious guile,
Beneath the ſoft addreſs, and placid ſmile:
His eye deceitful ſparkles with delight,
And all the blandiſhments of art invite.
Ah! wou'd ſome pitying pow'r to man reveal
The fatal fraud theſe borrow'd looks conceal.
Unwedded then his life might long be bleſt,
And late old age but change delight to reſt.

Before

Before the lofty gate the God behold!
Where fragrance breathes, and purple flow'rs unfold;
Where ſculptur'd beauty kindles fierce deſire,
And fair deſtruction gazing fools admire.
Here laughing *Venus* in her car reclin'd,
At leiſure guides her doves, and mounts the wind;
Her naked boſom, more than iv'ry white,
Swells with ſoft wiſhes and conceiv'd delight,
The trembling hand of rapture courts to ſtray,
And ſeems to chide the diffident delay.
Leſs by degrees the taper waiſt is found,
Her happy Ceſtus claſps the bliſsful round;
The ſportive gales that waft her on the way,
High as the dimpled knee the leg diſplay;
The clinging lawn but ill conceals the reſt,
While ſcarce the zone confines the ſtruggling veſt.

Behold what numbers, a devoted train,
Now enter, now depart, the fatal fane,
Whoſe ſpacious portals wide diſplay'd admit
Alike the Prince and Peaſant, fool and wit.
None but the Bard, in this, this only bleſt,

Eludes the ſnare, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
Nor yet ſo raſh, ſo blind the female race,
To take a Bard's right hand, and wed diſgrace.
Abhorr'd conjunction! from the guilty bed,
Young Bard's, a wretched progeny, are bred,
Who roam unhous'd and beg for broken meat,
Or ſcream ſad elegies from ſtreet to ſtreet.

See yon gay youth with flatt'ring hopes elate,
New dreſs'd, unconſcious of impending fate,
Approach the temple with his future bride,
In ribbons deck'd, and *Flora*'s painted pride.
This bride a doubtful offspring ſoon ſhall bear,
In whom he claims but half a father's ſhare;
With her in mis'ry ſhall the wretch grow old,
And pine in ſilence while he hears her ſcold.
So, deck'd with garlands, the young bull decreed
With ſolemn rites by holy hands to bleed,
Blind to the future, of the preſent vain,
Enjoy'd the ſhouts of all the feſtive train,
Paſs proudly ſlow the crouded ſtreets of *Rome*
Nor knew the lifted knife pronounc'd his doom.

See palſy'd age his faithful crutch forſake,
With falt'ring ſteps a youthful wife to take,
Tho wanton wiſh ſurvives the genial hour;
To drugs he flies, and hopes returning pow'r;
In vain; the Virgin diſappointed grieves,
Nor bridal joy the bride miſcall'd receives:
Ah! with what dreadful phrenzy gold inſpires!
In thirſt for gold each ſofter wiſh expires.
But thou, who e'er thou art, thy wiſh poſſeſs'd,
A wither'd huſband, and a crouded cheſt,
The ſlave of care, henceforth ſhall never know,
The joys that liberty and peace beſtow,
Joys which the rural ſport and native field,
Were wont in virgin innocence to yield.

But ſee, where *Chloe* bending now with years,
A toothleſs bride! with *Corydon* appears,
The youthful bridegroom tender tumults feigns,
And moulds her hands imboſs'd with purple veins,
She fondly ſmiling with autumnal joy,
Applauds her charms, tho' gold allures the boy:
In thought e'en now, he counts the ſhining ſtore,

And hopes in wealth a bliſs unknown before:
Deceitful hope! the wealth that guilt acquires,
Shall ſwell thy boſom with unquench'd deſires.
What Gold can give unenvy'd ſhall be thine,
Stretch'd on the joyleſs bed in ſloth ſupine,
There claſp thy conſort's antiquated charms,
Care in thy Heart, and winter in thy arms.
Ah! ſtop, ah! yet thy fatal haſte ſuſpend,
All day, all night, yon fatal doors extend;
But theſe once paſt repentance is too late,
The galling chain for ever binds like fate,
Loos'd but by death, to each the happier lot,
Curs'd while ye live, ye wiſh to die forgot.

Celeſtial Maids! who led by Wiſdom's choice,
Like me in bleſt celibacy rejoyce,
Ye *Muſes!* ſhew me what yon walls contain,
What ſculptur'd Emblems grace the wond'rous fane,
Vulcanian gifts by godlike labour wrought,
With myſtic ſenſe and deep inſtruction fraught.

High o'er yon alter, lo! what horns are ſpread,
Such horns as theſe may grace the genial bed,

Such

Such Horns nor boaſts the father of the fold,
Who climbs the mountain deſperately bold,
Or leads the fleecy flock thro' plains below,
And waves the ſpiral honours of his brow,
Nor ſuch thou *Vulcan*, while the ſubtle ſnare
For *Mars* thou forgeſt and thy wedded fair,
The guilty myſt'ries of their ſtol'n delight
To Gods diſplay'd, untimely ſnatch'd from night.

Unnumber'd moony forms around I view,
Some with full orbs, and drench'd in honey'd dew;
The broad circumf'rence ſheds a golden ray,
Within a thouſand wanton figures play;
With ſportive Nymphs there *Venus* leads the dance,
With *Cupid* there the langhing *Loves* advance;
To am'rous ſports the jocund train excite,
And tender dalliance and myſterious rite.

But other orbs with paler rays appear,
And waning Moons that ſhew but half a ſphere;
Green are the horns with gall; on either ſide
Pale Want is ſeen, and Grief to Want ally'd.
Here grin the *Furies*, there *Bellona* ſtorms,
And all the Woes appear in all their forms.

See to the right a wretched huſband ty'd
With brazen Chains, and to an hoſtile bride.
Faſt by the neck conſtrain'd and ſtooping low,
He bears, his folly's meed, the ruthleſs blow,
To break his bonds he ſtrives, but ſtrives in vain,
From right and left the blows deſcend amain.

That youth his head on both his hands reclines,
His knees his arms ſuſtain; he ſick'ning pines,
Plac'd near his wife, nor knows ſhe ſtains his bed,
Nor feels the Horns juſt budding on his head;
Him with feign'd love ſhe ſooths to lenient reſt,
Hiding the tenor of her fraudful breaſt,
Seems by fond ſympathy to feel his pains,
Sighs when he ſighs, and when he groans complains.

Behold around the brethren of the horn,
Whom circling chains, and nuptial gifts adorn;
How wretched theſe! there hopes how high, how vain!
But all things dreams and lunacy can feign:
From *Hymen*'s mingled bowl, with ſly deceit,
The happy Batchelor extracts the ſweet,

The

The bitter dregs he leaves, the huſband's ſhare,
Who drinks contented what his friend can ſpare.
But ſee yon favour'd mortal to the right
Exult with ſudden joy, unhop'd delight:
Ah! what on wretched man, the child of woe,
Can ſuch wild extaſy of bliſs beſtow?
What! but a wife, by bounteous fate allow'd,
A wife all peace, all beauty, in a ſhroud!
The Sable train, whom pious rites employ,
Perceive, approve, and catch funereal joy:
On ſix ſupporting ſhoulders now convey'd,
The corps in earth's paternal lap is laid;
Two heifers now to gloomy *Pluto* bleed,
Who from the galling chain his ſuppliant freed;
And now to *Proſerpine* a cow full grown,
Such rites impiety neglects alone;
For dread *Erynnis* never known to ſpare,
The hell-born *Fury* with the gory hair,
Strews with like rage the purple bed of Kings,
And hind's ſtraw couch, with matrimonial ſtings.

Oft

Oft o'er the bed fair *Venus*, and her boy,
Strew flow'rs, delicious in the month of joy;
That tranſient ſeaſon paſt, at once they fly,
Chas'd by the *Furies*, who their place ſupply;
Theſe, where the flow'rs bloom'd, ſhed *Stygian* dew,
Whence various plagues and conteſts fierce enſue;
Or round the bed, where peace no more ſhall ſleep,
Bid pining cares perpetual vigils keep,
What e'er thro' life inceſſant anguiſh brings,
Hate, tumult, rage, and all diſcordant things.
Sick of theſe ſcenes of woe, cold damps diſtill
From ev'ry limb, my heart ſtrange horrors fill:
Lead me, ye *Muſes*, from this mournful fane:
The maids conſent, the realms of light I gain.

To me indulgent heav'n this warning lent,
Without a wife admoniſh'd to content;
Yet ev'n my neck had felt the galling yoke,
But thus a Gipſy, full of *Phœbus*, ſpoke,
Her hand a farthing croſs'd, "Raſh youth! beware,
" Before thee youth and beauty ſpread the ſnare;
" Ah! ſhun that complicated curſe, a wife,

" Nor

" Nor ſell thy liberty for gold and ſtrife.
" Seduc'd to wedlock ſleep thy couch ſhall fly,
" Nor peace the Night, nor joy the day ſupply;
" Then o'er thy brows the ſpreading horns ſhall bend,
" And ſhame and care thy penſive ſteps attend.
She ſaid; her cloſing lips her finger preſs'd,
And ſtill with liberty my life is bleſs'd;
Propitious pow'rs confirm the bleſſing mine,
The praiſe, O *Phœbus!* all the praiſe be thine.

VERSES,

In Anſwer to ſome from WESTMINSTER SCHOOL,
In praiſe of the celebrated Miſs G——G.
Suppos'd to be written from WINCHESTER SCHOOL,
in 1750.

SAY, gentle *Muſe*, of all thy laureat train,
That haunt *Parnaſſus*, ever verdant plain,

Of all that drink the deep *Pindaric* ſpring
Shall only *Weſtminſter* preſume to ſing?
Say, Queen of Beauty (for thou know'ſt full well)
Goddeſs of love, inchanting *Venus*, tell,
Of all the nymphs whom thou haſt made thy care,
O ſay, is G——g, only G——g, fair?
What tho' the lark can ſwell his tuneful throat,
Tho' ſweet his harmony and ſoft his note,
When thro' the air he moves his quiv'ring wing,
Dare ye to ſay, the Linnet cannot ſing?
What tho' the ſwans in pureſt white's array,
Sportive along the cryſtal waters play,
Can partial blinded Judgment diſavow
The virgin whiteneſs of the fleecy ſnow?
Know then, ye haughty bards (if ſuch ye are)
Winton can ſing and P——t too is fair.
She ne'er the gaudy pride of courts has known,
Mix'd with the Belles, and flaunted thro' the town.
Secure of fame from innocence and eaſe,
She ſcorns the gilded arts of dreſs to pleaſe;
Her native charms without deceit allure,
Hold faſt each heart, and make her conqueſts ſure.

True

True all have liſt'ned to the voice of fame,
And diſtant regions hear'd of G——g's name;
Each painting artiſt has deſcrib'd each grace,
Each comely feature of her beauteous face:
P——t owes nothing to the painter's art,
Her picture lives in each beholder's heart.

Were I with genius as with paſſion fraught,
To give due birth to each enchanting thought;
Were I with Poet's true expreſſion bleſt,
To pour forth half the raptures of my breaſt,
Could Verſe do juſtice to her ſhape and air,
Were but my colours ſtrong as ſhe is fair,
To future ages I'd tranſmit her fame,
And grace my lines with lovely *P——t*'s name.

But thou fair Nymph, theſe artleſs lays receive,
Condemn the Verſe, but oh! the bard forgive,
Who all the pangs deſpair can fancy proves,
Who would, alas! but dares not ſay, he loves,
Within theſe walls from all your ſex confin'd
To ſerious ſtudies which improve the mind,
To trace the precepts of the wiſe and good,

To view the paths that antient ſages trod,
Dare we, recluſe from ſcenes of love, impart
The tender dictates of a bleeding heart?
Dare we in ſighing billet doux complain,
Avow our paſſion, and declare our pain?
Yes, I am doom'd this pleaſing pain to prove,
And ſtern Philoſophy muſt yield to Love.

True, I have ſtudied *Tully*'s awful page,
And rev'rence hoary *Cato*'s peaceful age;
The rules for friendſhip's ſacred bonds delight,
Where virtue pleaſes, and her charms invite:
But I am young, nor have I yet forgot
The ſofter ſtrains that tender *Ovid* wrote;
Nor will I here from *Tully*'s precepts run,
For love and friendſhip ſhall be join'd in one.

On this bleſt theme I could for ever dwell,
Admire thoſe beauties which no tongue can tell,
No pen deſcribe or *Phœbus* e'er reveal.
Deſiſt, my *Muſe*, th' unequal taſk forbear,
The verſe detracts, altho' the bard's ſincere.
Preſume not to enlarge on themes like theſe,
Leſt you offend where you intend to pleaſe.

Yet

Yet thou, kind Nymph, however dull my lay,
With one kind look th' unworthy lines repay.
Would'ſt thou for once the pains I feel beguile,
And grant the cheerful tribute of a ſmile,
Unenvy'd *Weſtminſter* the crown ſhould bear;
And on their heads triumphant laurels wear;
Aſpire to fame, and merit ample praiſe;
Be mine the *Daphne*, and be theirs the bays.

Locus apud inferos Viginibus Vetulis *Secretus*, *Sexti Libri* Virgilii *verſui* 476 *addendus.*

NON procul hinc habitant, quæ funus aduſque ſupremum,
Connubii exſortes, et læti munere amoris,
Conſenuere, agris hic turba ſenilis oberrat
Arentes inter quercus, herbaſque veneno
Peſtifero tumidas, nemus et ferale cupreſſi.
Simia cuique comes, laterique fidelis adhæret

Prompta-

Prompta gradus cenferre pares, circum undique cantus
Exercet Bubo, vocemque in carmina ducit.
Garrulus hos tremula campos circumvolat ala
Pſittacus, et vidua conſidens arbore, linguam
In lepida exacuit ludibria, ſpargere voces
Ignotas gaudens alieno ex ore receptas.
Has inter ſylvas vitreâ fons limpidus undâ
Defluit, at non qui trepido lenique ſuſurro
Murmuret ad Zephyros, ſomnoque oblivia curæ
Inducat, ſed qui rugas frontemque ſenilem
Oſtendat, turpeſque genas, vultûſque ruinas
Tomenti genus—hinc Diræ, indignatio, et ira
Majori ſulco rictus diducit hiantes.
Ut torquent oculorum orbes! ut dente maligno
Liventes rodunt ungues! ridere videtur
Lympha procax, riſuque ſenili illudere turmæ.
Continuò aufugiunt pariter, paſſuque trementi
Abripiunt ſeſe, et ſpeculum ſibi quæque requirit
Ritè ſuum, exſuccos dudum ſpecioſus artus
Quo prius ornarat, florentem imitata puellam
Indueratque novo nec jam ſua membra decore.

Talia

Talia nequicquam ſibi dum ſolatia quærunt,
Et recolunt vanos mendaci fronte triumphos,
Has ſibi quam ſimiles! *Fuiarum* maxima, niſu
Uſque reluctantes retrahit, cogitque videri
Se ſibi jam inviſas; tum fæmineo ululatu
Lamentantur, et indignantes pectora plangunt
Flaccida certatim, tantum ſibi cuique videndo
Diſplicet os, facieſque ultrix et conſcius horror.

Hinc datur *Elyſios* etiam proſpectus in agros,
Majus Tormentum, ut tumeant livore, nec unquam
Detur adeſſe quies, hinc omnes ordine longo
Felices ſpectant juvenes, comiteſques beatis
Agminibus nymphas, laſcivo flumina circum
Gaudentes luſu, mollique in gramine ripæ
Cœtu hilari choream ducentes. Perſonat illic
Auratâ juvenis citharâ, reclinis in umbrâ,
Quam circumfundunt myrteta aurita, canenti
Cui nympha aſſidit, riſu adblandita protervo,
Dum revocat, ſociæque ſuos inſpirat amores;
Dulce canit, vetulæ auditu indoluere ſorores,
Et viſu ægreſcunt, averſaque lumina torquent

A nemore, et juvenum digitis monſtrantur euntes.
Sæpe et dificerent animis, caderentque ſolutis
Viribus, adſtaret gelidæ niſi copia lymphæ,
Quæ, raptim ſparſo ſuper ora caduca liquore,
Irrorare novum per torpida membra calorem
Poſſit, dum ſenſus incuſſo frigore adurit
Ignes potantûm bene notæ pocla Genevæ,
Et diros latices nitroque et ſulphure tinctos.

Heu nimium miſeræ! quam vellent æthere in alto
Virginei expertes oneris, foviſſe maritum
In gremio unanimum, legeſque iniiſſe jugales!
Fata vetant et dira *Stygis* circumfluit unda,
Ne dulces natos, *Veneris* nec præmia norint.

Deſuper horrendas dum, *Siſyphe*, reſpicis umbras
Immenſo innitens ſaxo inſudanſque labori
Jam minus incuſas fatum, leviuſque videtur
Verſari ſaxum, tanto majus tormentum
Invidiæ ſtimuli mentiſque inamabilis angor:
Nam recolunt cum vita fuit, cum floruit ætas
Quot petiere proci quondam, quos *improbus* error
Terruit amplexu miſtoque ſuperbia faſtu.

Non

Non rota, non tanto cruciatu mordicus ales
Afficeret mentem humanam, quanto gravis angor
Invidiæ, priſcæque ſimul mens conſcia culpæ.
Quæque ſuum patitur crimen, cum floruit ætas,
Et decor erubuit vultu, ceu vere renato
Purpurei rident flores, hæc conſcia formæ
Languidulos juvenes faſtu enecat, atque ſuperba
Victrices jactat veneres, et fulgur ocelli.
At ſimul irradians oculorum elanguit ignis
Pigra acies ſenio nil jam lethale minatur,
Dilapſa in cineres flamma eſt, juveneſq; protervi
Agnoſcunt vetulam, mox turpe et inutile pondus
Decedit, morienſque ſororibus occubat umbris.
Vultu aliæ informes, verum convivia nautis
Hæ fierent avidis, cum plenâ forté crumenâ
Littoribus patriis aderant, de gente profecti
Occiduâ, feſſi nigras tractando puellas.
At duri facies abnormis pectoris index,
Spurcitieſque animi fœdo cum corpore juncta,
Et quæ primitias blandum et conamen amoris
Legitimi renuit, rabies felina, moroſas
Elyſio excludit, ſervatque ad triſtia fata.

Queis curâ in terris fuerat miſcere venenum,
Et votis excire *Hecaten*, queis ſpargere dictis
Probra malis, eadem ſequitur tellure repoſtas,
Cœtu aliæ inferno diras ad pocla Genevæ
Hoſpitio excipiunt *Furias* ; hic omnibus omnes
Invidiâ tumidæ ſpargunt convicia, ſicut
In terris ſolitæ, ſeu falſa an vera loquuntur,
Immiſcent aliis odii lethalia pocla,
Rumoreſque ferunt varios, ſibi nequa fidelem
Adſciſcat ſocium, ſed ſpe lactetur inani.

Et lædunt nimium faciles in amore puellas,
Probo inſectantes, quæ libavere vel unam
Nempe voluptatem, et ſibi dulcia furta tulere

Jam tum concilium inſtituunt, animamque recentem
Proque tribunali ſtantem, ſub imagine falſâ
Exagitant, vitam inquirunt, ſubiguntque fateri
De culpâ nondum compertâ, dein ore ſevero
Unà omnes damnare volunt fremituque laceſſunt.
Scilicet ut niteat virtus integrior ipſis,
Cum rea quæque velit ſieri, nec poſſe videri.

Intuitu

Intuitu *Æneas*, turpes agnoverat umbras,
Et (ne, quam pulchrè nôrat, convicia linguæ
Fæmineæ audiret, cuiquam neve obvius iret,
Teter et inficeret fœtentis anhelitus oris)
Horreſcens torſit caput, ægreſcenſque videndo
Retrò gradum flexit formas exoſus aniles.

DESCRIPTION *of a Place in the infernal Regions allotted to* OLD MAIDS; *to follow Verſe* 476 *of* Virgil's 6*th* Æn.

NOT far from hence, an unrelenting crew,
The foes of wedlock, e'en to death, we view:
A gloomy race, to joyous love unknown,
Grown old together in the virgin zone:
Where the rank herbage ſwells with poiſ'nous juice,
And ſapleſs oaks a barren ſhade produce,
Or cypreſs forms the ſad funereal grove,
Theſe dreary ghoſts diſconſolately rove:

Faithful,

Faithful, on each attends, with equal pace,
A try'd companion of the monkey race :
Here the grave owl repeats his ſolemn ſongs,
And, pleas'd, the ſolitary notes prolongs ;
Here chatt'ring parrots flutter on the wing,
Or, perch'd on leafleſs branches, whet their ſting,
The poignant tongue, that wounds with borrow'd
ſpleen,
And prates, ſelf-pleas'd what uninform'd they glean.
Amid theſe groves, no clear tranſlucent ſtreams
To zephyr ſigh, or lull to pleaſing dreams ;
A drear, ſtill lake too faithfully reflects
Age, wrinkles, all a ruin'd front's defects,
Plac'd here to puniſh ; when the hag ſurveys
Herſelf, once theme of long-remember'd praiſe ;
Tenfold deform'd with rage, her face appears,
And indignation aids the frown of years ;
Pierc'd at the ſight, they roll their eyes with pain,
And bite their nails with gnaſhing teeth in vain ;
E'en now th' inſulting waters from within
Mock the writh'd viſage with a toothleſs grin :

With

With looks averted, from the lake they ſtart,
With trembling ſteps, and ſeek the glaſs of art
The fav'rite mirror, by long rites their own,
In happier days of ſweet deluſion known,
When their dry limbs coſmetic arts could grace,
And breathe a youthful freſhneſs on their face;
When all the ravages of time conceal'd
A form not theirs, with triumph was reveal'd:
But while in vain they wiſh theſe lenient wiles,
Of Age's conqueſts dream, and Cunning's ſpoils,
Alecto comes, theſe flatt'ring dreams to break,
And back, reluctant, drags them to the lake,
Compels them here their Image to behold,
Their faithful image, ugly, lean and old:
Self-view'd, ſelf-hated, with an hideous yell,
They beat their breaſts, and add new pains to hell,
Such madneſs, looks of rage, and horror raiſe,
From each to each reflected, as they gaze.

From hence 'tis giv'n to view Elyſium's fields,
A keener curſe than gloomy *Tart'rus* yields;
This bids pale Envy's ſcorpion-ſcourge provoke

Pangs

Pangs yet unfelt, with never-ceaſing ſtroke.
There they behold an ever-bliſsful hand
Of youths and maids, united hand in hand,
Who tread in wanton dance the flow'ry green,
While am'rous wiles and kiſſes intervene.

A youth, reclin'd beneath a fragrant bow'r,
Sings, to his golden lyre, Love's gentle pow'r;
His blooming temples wreaths of myrtle bind,
His fav'rite maid hangs o'er him fondly kind;
With wanton blandiſhments ſhe fans deſire,
And, from his muſic, ſteals congenial fire.

Sweet is the ſong—the ancient ſiſters ſigh,
And turn from ſcenes of bliſs their ſick'ning eye,
The youthful finger pointing marks their flight,
And a ſhort trance relieves their aking ſight;
But ſoon they feel, recover'd to their woe,
O'er the dead viſage the cold water flow,
Their ſprinkled limbs from hence new vigour gain,
And ſudden chilneſs wakes the ſenſe to pain,
Their ſenſe who quaff Geneva's liquid flame,
And hell's ſulphureous Cup, the draught of ſhame.

How

How wretched theſe! what ardent wiſhes riſe
That all the maid had been an huſband's prize!
That, while on earth, to ſome fond ſtripling kind,
They'd left this curſt virginity behind;
The fates forbid— and Styx, tremendous ſound!
The dreadful Styx, forever locks them round—
'Tis paſt—the bliſs that tender mothers own,
And fair *Cytherea*'s gift muſt ne'er be known.

On this drear ſpot, which horrid ſhades embrown,
When thou, O *Siſyphus!* look'ſt backward down.
As painful heaving the huge ſtone's vaſt weight,
Say, ſweating, doſt thou ſtill accuſe thy fate?
The ſtone, now lighter in proportion found,
As more intenſe the ſmart of Envy's wound,
As yet more keen the conſtant pang muſt prove,
Now to deſpair of once rejected Love.
For buſy mem'ry life's loſt bloom renews,
And ev'ry youth that ſought their love reviews,
All whom a guilty pride and coy diſdain,
Frown'd from their arms, and doom'd to ſigh in vain.

Nor wheels, nor vultures can torment the mind,

Like

Like Envy's rage with conſcious guilt combin'd;
Each her own crime repents with fruitleſs woe,
And their own puniſhment their crimes beſtow.

When youth's gay ſeaſon bloom'd with ev'ry grace,
And opening beauty bluſh'd upon the face,
As various flow'rs adorn the riſing year,
When laughing nature glows with joy ſincere,
Yon nymph, too vain of conſcious beauty grew,
And whom her love cou'd ſave, her caprice ſlew;
Boaſtful and proud of deſolating charms,
And thoſe bright eyes which fatal light'ning arms.
But when that light'ning arms their eye no more,
Now dim'd in age, its dreaded influence o'er,
When the coy ſwain diſcern's the matron's air,
The furrow'd forehead and the whitening hair,
Soon the ſtale nuſance ſinks to realms of woe,
And, dying, joins her ſiſter ſhades below.

There are whoſe youth no blooming charm can boaſt,
Yet theſe the *Tar* indelicate can toaſt,
When, abſent long, on *India's* diſtant ſhore,
Rich he returns, and negroes pleaſe no more.

But

But the rude feature, index of the mind,
Foul ſoul and body in fit union join'd,
The ſavage fierceneſs, which repels the ſuit
Of lawful love, and ſpurns the *Cyprian* fruit,
Exclude for ever from *Elyſian* plains,
And doom'd to endleſs penalties and pains.

Thoſe who on earth the baleful mixture brew'd,
Who oft to *Hecate* their vows renew'd,
And ſpread detracting whiſpers, falſe, and fell,
Purſue the ſame deteſted taſk in hell.

Theſe 'midſt the infernal band new rites begin,
And treat the furies with their fav'rite gin,
Here each on each with envy glares, and all
In mutual calumny give gall for gall;
As once on earth, the tale, or falſe or true,
The mingled cup of dreadful hate they brew,
That none with pleaſing confidence may truſt,
But all ſuſpect alike the beſt and worſt.

With keen reproach they perſecute the ſhade,
By faithleſs vows to lawleſs love betray'd,
Who once, but once, enjoy'd the ſtol'n delight,
And hid the pleaſing thief from vulgar ſight.

A council's call'd, a recent ghoſt they try,
Predoom'd the culprit, tho' her charge a lye,
Her life they canvaſs, and the wretch conſtrain,
To own a crime of which no proof they gain;
Prompt to condemn, with ſpleen and rage they ſwell,
And ſhout the ſentence in a gen'ral yell.
Well might leſs virtue equal triumph win,
Tho' willing, theſe could ne'er be thought to ſin.
Struck with dumb horror at ſo near a view,
What theſe foul ſpectres were *Æneas* knew;
And leſt, well known and dreaded, he ſhould hear
Loud female clamours thunder at his ear,
Or leſt th' infection of a tainted breath
Should meet and blaſt him with immediate death,
Sickening he turn'd, and with diſorder'd pace,
Shun'd the lean, nauſeous, antiquated race.

FIDELIO and *CORDELIA*,

A TALE.

——Tædæ quoque jure coiſſent;
Sed vetuere PATRES: quod non potuere vetare,
Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo.

Ovid: Metam: Lib: 4 Ver: 60.

MY *Muſe* her lyre to no mean flatt'ry ſtrings,
For no dread Lord in ſervile numbers ſings;
Ne'er has ſhe join'd th' aſpiring ſons of fame,
To court applauſe, and ſeek an empty name;
Ne'er on Ambition's ſoaring wing has try'd
To deck her temples with the wreaths of pride;
Her humble ſtrains and artleſs lays rehearſe,
In no harmonious but in friendly Verſe,
What none but ſouls by nature ſoft can feel,

And

And what no breath but that of Love can tell;
Well pleas'd, if *Cupid* would for once approve
And flutter ſmiling o'er theſe lays of love;
Supremely bleſt, would *Venus* ſee them laid
Soft on the boſom of ſome fav'rite maid,
On that fair bed of ſweetneſs to excite
One gentle dream of tenderneſs at night.

Ere earthly laws repeal'd the laws above,
Defy'd th' Almighty, and forbad to love,
In a ſweet village near the banks of *Thame*,
Who rolls in ſtately waves his lordly ſtream,
A lovely maiden dwelt; the choiceſt care
Of a fond parent, who had nought but her
To ſmooth the rugged brow of black deſpair;
For late his conſort had reſign'd her breath,
And fall'n reluctant in the arms of Death;
There lay untimely loſt, a world of charms,
Too, too delicious! for that tyrant's arms,
There to remain, 'till bleſſed ſouls of love
Shall meet in realms of happineſs above.
Cordelia was her name, who late had ſeen

The

The gay and blooming period of ſixteen.
Had I the genius of a *Pope* or *Gay*,
To guide my pen, and ſwell my tuneleſs lay,
Could they within my breaſt their thoughts infuſe,
Inſpire my ſoul, and animate my *Muſe*.
Then, fraught with thrilling paſſion ſhould ſhe riſe,
And paint the killing luſtre of her eyes;
Then would I tell how ſweet the nymph, how fair,
Her mien how comely, and how blithe her air;
Then would I tell with rapture unconfin'd
The various beauties of her form and mind:
But O! nor *Pope*, nor *Gay* could e'er rehearſe,
In all their ſweet luxuriancy of Verſe,
The various beauties that adorn and grace
Each comely feature of her lovely face;
Sweeter than *Shakeſpear*'s *Juliet* can appear,
Than *Fenton*'s * *Queen*, or *Otway*'s *Belvidere*;
Sweeter than Poet's fancy can conceive,
Sweeter than *Milton* has deſcrib'd his *Eve*.

Bleſs'd with a quiet and a calm retreat,
Health's peaceful manſion, and Contentment's ſeat,
Bleſs'd with parental fondneſs, to improve

The

* *Mariamne*. Vid: *Mr.* FENTON's *Play ſo called.*

The ſweets of filial tenderneſs and love,
Devoid of care, anxiety, and ſtrife,
Sworn foes to man, the bane of ſocial life,
The fair *Cordelia* paſs'd her golden days,
In virtuous innocence, and rural eaſe.
No wak'ning thoughts diſturb her mind at night,
No dreary Phantoms in her dreams affright;
Soft Sleep ſteals gently to her downy neſt,
Soft as the boſom that it lulls to reſt:
There, 'till *Aurora* ſtreaks with gold the ſkies,
Calm and ſerene the tender virgin lies,
When from her ſilken ſlumbers breaking ſoon,
She riſes cheerful as the riſing Sun.
Her beauties op'ning to the morn diſplay
Ten thouſand graces to the new-born day;
The virgin lilly whitens on her neck,
And blooming health ſits ſmiling on her cheek.

If Spring, the garden now invites the fair,
To breathe the fragrance of the vernal air;
Cheerful and gay around the walks ſhe roves,
To meet the morning breezes from the groves,

Attentive

Attentive liſtens to the linnet's ſong,
Sweeter than muſic from the *Siren*'s tongue,
Harmonious notes! that waking nature cheer,
Swell in the breeze, and ſoften on the ear.
Now to her Father, loving and belov'd,
By filial tenderneſs and fondneſs mov'd,
Joyous ſhe hies, array'd in native charms,
And brings her morning welcome to his arms.
With eager tranſport to his boſom preſt
Rapt'rous he claſps the maid ſupremely bleſt,
Dwells on each feature of her lovely face,
Each rip'ning beauty, and each ſmiling grace,
There with a ſecret tranſport he deſcries
The Mother's ſoftneſs languiſh in her eyes;
She ſpeaks; the Mother's voice; ſhe ſmiles; and here
The Mother's dimples in her ſmiles appear:
He gazes, ſighs, hangs fondly round her neck,
While tender tears are ſtealing down his cheek.
Now, while our modern nymphs of wit and taſte
The tedious hours in ſerious trifles waſte,
Dwell o'er the important volumes of romance,

Dreſt

Dreſt in the pageant mimickry of *France*,
Or talk of Routs, Aſſemblies, Balls, or Plays,
Their dreams by night, and all their thoughts by days,
To ſome low village hamlet joining by,
Joy in her heart, and pleaſure in her eye,
Cheerful and gay the fair *Cordelia* roves,
And carries with her all the little *Loves*,
Each wond'ring ſwain that meets her feels confeſt
That unknown myſtic ſomething in his breaſt,
That pleaſing pain call'd Love, that tingling ſmart,
Which fires the nerves, and trembles at the heart.
The rugged peaſant, while he tills the ground,
If chance he ſpies her as he gazes round,
Stops ſhort his ſteeds, ſurpriz'd he knows not how,
And hangs in wild amazement on his plow.

See! near the cottage where a little train
Of ruddy bantlings trip it on the green;
Soon as their well known miſtreſs they eſpy,
Swift to their homely ſtraw-built cot they fly,
With joyful hearts the welcome tydings bear,
While eager ſkips pronounce *Cordelia* near.

Soon

Soon as ſhe enters meek this humble cell,
Where PEACE and INDUSTRY together dwell,
Pleas'd with the harmleſs, healthy prattling brood,
With eager tranſport who around her croud,
On each abundant kiſſes ſhe beſtows,
Kiſſes more ſweet than *Zephirs* on the roſe,
Kiſſes, imperial Kings would gladly give
Their crown, their wealth, their empire to receive,
Kiſſes, for which e'en Kings might ſue in vain,
Tho' now profuſely giv'n from Love's fair Queen,
To the poor offspring of a Cottage ſwain.
Nor are ſweet kiſſes only what ſhe grants,
But brings a cheerful tribute to their wants;
Her open purſe bids Poverty rejoice,
Care be no more, and gladneſs rear her voice:
Each little heart with ſecret tranſport glows,
While thouſand bleſſings follow as ſhe goes;
Bleſſings more precious to a gen'rous heart
Than all that wealth or grandeur can impart,
Bleſſings as ſweet as heaven has in ſtore,
Bleſſings divine, the bleſſings of the poor,

If wintry winds forbid the rural tread
Or round the garden, or the neighb'ring mead,
When now no longer 'tis delight to rove
By cryſtal fountains in the mazy grove,
With various converſe near the winter's fire
Harmonious converſe! ſhe delights her ſire,
Or reads ſome moral and inſtructive page,
The wholeſome dictates of ſome rev'rend ſage,
Which guide our wand'ring ſteps, protect our youth,
And point the way to happineſs and truth.
Each ſeaſon thus is gently paſs'd away
In rural innocence from day to day:
Happy *Cordelia!* would the fates but pleaſe
To grant thy future days as bleſt as theſe;
But now farewel ye tranquil joys and true,
Bleſt peace and gentle happineſs adieu!
Farewel ſweet ſleep, who now no more ſhalt bring
Repoſing ſlumbers on thy downy wing.
Prepare ye ſoft and tender Nymphs, prepare
The pitying ſigh and ſympathetic tear:
Ye Youths, whoſe hearts to ſoft compaſſion move,

Ye

Ye gentle ſouls of tenderneſs and love,
If matchleſs beauty in diſtreſs may claim
The tears of Pity in affliction's name,
In plenteous floods of grief here let them flow,
For ſoon *Cordelia* will demand them now.
How ſhall my *Muſe* the fatal tale perſue?
How ſpeak the direful woes which hence enſue?
Venus aſſiſt her, kindly watch, and dry
The falling tear, and ſtop the riſing ſigh.

Near the green banks of wide Imperial *Thame*,
The pleaſant waters of her native ſtream,
At early morn, the morning firſt of *May*,
The blooming Virgin hap'd perchance to ſtray;
Here while in ſongs of joy ſhe hails the Spring,
And joins in concert with the birds that ſing,
While genial *Zephirs* all around her bear
The breath of pleaſure thro' the fragrant air,
A comely Youth, whoſe ſweet and graceful mien
Rival'd the * Fav'rite of the ‡ *Paphian* Queen,
With looks of ſilent awe, and pleaſing dread,
Approach'd with tim'rous ſteps the muſing maid:
Turning

* *Adonis.* ‡ *Venus.*

Turning around upon the youth her eyes,
The trembling Nymph betrays her wild ſurpriſe,
Pale grew her cheek; while each on each amaz'd
Fix'd to the earth in mutual ſilence gaz'd:
Thrice he eſſay'd to ſpeak, as often hung
The trembling accents on his fault'ring tongue,
The ſounds ere form'd to words, imperfect die
Sink in a groan, or flutter in a ſigh.
At length the Youth the tie of utterance broke,
And thus with looks of love and ſorrow ſpoke.
" Forgive, fair Maid, an hapleſs Youth forgive,
" And bleſs the ſhort remains he has to live;
" For ſure could he but gain this boon from you,
" Propitious heaven would forgive him too:
" Then ſhould his pains at laſt be o'er, for know
" Long I have dragg'd the galling chain of woe;
" Forlorn and hopeleſs in deſpair I rove,
" A bleeding victim to the pangs of Love;
" And oh! you know, (for ſure theſe eyes muſt tell,
" Tho' my ſwoln heart the ſecret ſhould conceal,)
" Yes well you know, (for well theſe looks betray)
" Dear, dear *Cordelia!* 'tis for love of thee.

" Since

" Since firſt I ſaw you, near ten months are gone,
" When on a viſit at fair *Winton*'s Town;
" A ſtranger I, and oh! before I trow,
" A ſtranger to the pangs I ſuffer now;
" There firſt I learnt thy name; ye Gods above!
" 'Twas alſo there that firſt I learnt to love;
" Since when no joy my heart has known, dread care
" Feeds on my ſoul, and drives me to deſpair,
" Knowing my heart with fruitleſs anguiſh burn,
" Which cheerleſs dares not hope the kind return.
" No wealth I boaſt, no bleating flocks I feed,
" No lands I claim to tempt the wary maid;
" All I can offer is, devoid of art
" A ſoul untainted, and an honeſt heart.
" Two days ago, from *Oxon*'s famous Town
" Thro' all the world for wit and learning known,
" (Hearing the place thou dwelt) I hither came,
" Here oft have wander'd by this ſpacious ſtream,
" Here lay'd me down at night in wild deſpair,
" The bank my couch, and my companion care.

" Here

" Here watch'd I thy approach, and here you ſee
" The wretch at laſt, the wretch complete in me.
" Thus haſt thou hear'd, (forgive theſe tears that ſteal
" Adown my cheek) my melancholy tale.
" Oh! let theſe tears thy gentle boſom move
" At leaſt to pity me, if not to love.
Thus the fond Youth in broken accents ſpoke,
And on his fair one caſt a wiſhful look.
With down-caſt eyes the modeſt Virgin ſeeks,
To hide the crimſon bluſhes on her cheeks,
And thus replies: " ſtrange Youth, what frenzy led
" Thy frantic ſteps to tempt an harmleſs maid?
" How can'ſt thou form a ſpecious tale, how wear
" Thoſe borrow'd looks, and force the flatt'ring tear?
" Why wilt thou try by ſubtle forms of art
" T' enſnare a weak and ſimple Virgin's heart?
" Oft have I read of falſe, deceitful man,
" Of Woman weak and frail the cruel bane;
" Their wiles to cheat our ſex, the ſubtle ſnare
" They ſpread for Virtue, and the ſimple fair:
" Daily in ſecret ambuſh will they lay,

" To

" To lure, to cheat, to conquer, and betray,
" Then in the ſpoils of Virtue triumph more,
" Than patriot Heroes in the ſpoils of war.
" Taught to deceive ſpontaneous flows the tear,
" Deep heaves the ſigh, to ſpeak the heart ſincere;
" When lo! conceal'd beneath the hidden ſmile,
" In ſecret lurk hypocriſy and guile.
" Ceaſe then to tempt an harmleſs maid, and leave
" Thoſe wily arts to flatter and deceive.
" Let this ſuffice; no ſecret is thy name,
" Nor yet unknown thy perſon or thy fame;
" Thou'rt call'd *Fidelio*, nor can *Oxford* boaſt
" One ſprightly bard among her tuneful hoſt,
" Whoſe ſoft ſweet numbers can with equal art
" Inſpire the ſoul, and melt the raviſh'd heart.
" Thou cruel fair " the gen'rous youth replies
" Pleas'd at my pains, and ſportive at my ſighs,
" Tho' vain and fruitleſs theſe, yet ſurely ſtill
" Would'ſt thou not cure, you need not ſtrive to kill:
" Oft tho' our Sex the harmleſs fair deceive,
" Blind to our wiles, and eaſy to believe,

" My

" My open heart was never form'd to cheat,
" But ever hated and abhorr'd deceit;
" Speak, and I'll do what e'er you aſk, to prove
" My heart is honeſt, and ſincere my love.
" For thee I'd face the threats of war, for thee
" Defy the terrors of the raging Sea;
" For thee I'd ſeek far *India*'s diſtant ſhore,
" All it's drear realms, and burning waſtes explore,
" Would'ſt thou for all this time of life to come,
" When *Albion* call'd the happy wand'rer home,
" Bid him from future toils of life be free,
" To live with love, with happineſs, and thee.
" Oh! how delightful then each joyous day,
" The fleeting ſcenes of life would glide away:
" Love, genial love ſhould all our hours employ,
" Bliſs heap'd on bliſs, and joy confus'd in joy:
" Pleaſure and peace in happy union join'd,
" Should feed the Soul with raptures unconfin'd;
" Furniſh new ſcenes of rapt'rous delight,
" Gladden each golden day, and bleſs each genial night.
" And leſt our glaſs ſhould ſoon, too ſoon be run,

" We'd

" We'd croud ten thouſand Years of love in one.
" Then ſhould *Fidelio* ſing in ſweeteſt ſtrain,
" Then ſhould his numbers ring on ev'ry plain,
" The blitheſt Poet, and the happieſt Swain.

Thus ſpoke the youthful Bard, which melted more
Than all his ſighs, his tears and vows before,
The yielding Maid now ſigh for ſigh returns
And for the youth with equal ardor burns:
Here firſt *Fidelio* ſteals (extatic bliſs!)
From lips as vi'lets-ſweet the ſweeteſt kiſs.
Here firſt they join their hands, here pledge their vows,
Here ſeal their hearts, and all their ſouls diſcloſe:
Theſe were her words, which he pronounc'd divine,
My dear *Fidelio!* I am ever thine.

Far in the deep receſſes of an wood,
Adjoining by a lonely cottage ſtood,
Near which a lofty beach, whoſe boughs o'erſpread
The turf beneath, and form'd a pleaſing ſhade;
From henceforth ſacred to the God of love,
Queen of the trees, and Empreſs of the grove.
Here oft to meet the Lovers both agree,

Or at the Shepherd's cottage, or the tree,
To make the Shepherd privy to their love,
As well ſhe knew that he would faithful prove;
While he, till time might other means ſupply
Should take a lodging in the village by.

Now after many a kiſs full loth they part,
Exchanging ſoul for ſoul, and heart for heart.
No more as erſt *Cordelia* now is ſeen
To trip it jocund o'er the dazied green;
No more ſhe tunes her voice in blitheſt ſtrain,
Which ſweetly us'd to echo o'er the plain;
The ſportive *Zephirs* now, whoſe gentle gale
Once bore her ſong melodious thro' the vale,
Around the woodlands, and along the ſtream
Waft nought but ſighs, and dear *Fidelio*'s name.
Now homeward ſadly ſlow, no longer gay,
Joyleſs ſhe takes her ſolitary way:
That peaceful manſion now, which once ſeem'd giv'n
As the ſure earneſt of a future heav'n,
Where tranquil Gladneſs, and Contentment ſweet
Had fix'd in happineſs their rural ſeat,

To poor *Cordelia* joyleſs grown and pale,
Seems dark and cheerleſs as the lonely cell.
Oft would her Father aſk, " what means my dear
" Thoſe riſing ſighs which prompt the ſtarting tear?
" Why look you ſad my lovely charmer? ſpeak:
" Why leaves the healthy bluſh that beauteous cheek?
" To me thy grief, if ought thou haſt, impart,
" To me diſcloſe the ſecret of thy heart,
" And know if ought I can will eaſe thy pain,
" My little Angel ſhall not aſk in vain.
Simple before and artleſs, now the Maid
Or feigns a raging tooth, or aching head;
Now firſt to learn diſſembling is ſhe mov'd,
As tho' 'twas criminal to own ſhe lov'd.
At night no balmy ſlumbers cloſe her eyes,
Sleep, faithleſs Sleep! her lonely pillow flies,
Swift to the tent of happineſs repairs,
Flying the bed of Woe, and thorny couch of Cares:
A lively Emblem of man's treach'rous race,
True to their friend, while peace and fortune bleſs,
But baſely vile and faithleſs in diſtreſs.

Wiſhing

Wiſhing to ſee the dawning of the day,
She weeps and ſighs the heavy hours away;
No joy ſhe knows, but when th' appointed hour
Calls her to meet *Fidelio* in the bow'r;
There a few tranſient moments paſs'd in bliſs,
The ſtolen dear embrace, and rapt'rous kiſs,
In ſweet oblivion lull the gloomy tear,
Whole ſleepleſs nights, and dreary days of care.

Thus three months paſs, when lo! her Father dies,
A ſudden ſtroke of death ſoon clos'd his eyes:
Fate of her dread intent no portents gave,
But doom'd him ſilent to the peaceful grave:
His pious Spirit joyful ſoars above,
To meet his Conſort in the realms of Love.
An aged Uncle now is left to guard
The youth and dower of his lovely ward,
'Till ſhe herſelf ſhould reach to twenty one,
Who yet had eighteen ſummers only known.

When Time and Love had ſmooth'd the brow of care,
Sooth'd her pain'd breaſt, and dry'd the filial tear,

Paſs'd

Paſs'd by our awful Senate's dread command,
A direful Edict fills th' affrighted land.
Blaſt to the Lover's hopes, which vain muſt prove,
The Maid's chaſte wiſhes for connubial love:
In vain are oaths, thoſe ſacred pledges, giv'n
From each to each before the face of heav'n;
This cancels all; in holy rites employ'd,
The Prieſt himſelf declares them null and void,
Before the throne of his almighty God.
Elſe had *Cordelia* claſp'd her fav'rite boy,
In chaſte embraces with connubial Joy;
Long had their faithful hearts been join'd above,
With chains of truth, and golden links of Love;
All that remain'd was that the Prieſt below
Should join their hands, and ratify their vow.
Fate and the laws forbid; and thus my *Muſe*
With heavy heart the fatal tale perſues.

At early morn, when o'er the dewy plain
The longing Nymph prepares to meet her Swain,
While waking Love, with eager wiſhes warm
Kindled the bluſh, and brighten'd ev'ry charm;

Full

Full of the joyous thoughts of that bleſt hour,
When Love ſhould join them ſoon to part no more,
When now her heart no anxious thoughts controul,
But all *Fidelio* ruſh'd into her ſoul;
(Curs'd be the voice) her guardian calls, a name
The wolf as juſtly o'er the Sheep may claim:
She comes: the venal tyrant ſilence breaks,
And thus in mild diſſembling accents ſpeaks.
" Happy *Cordelia*, faireſt of the fair,
" For love's ſoft Joys, and nuptial bliſs prepare:
" To morrow's Sun, my lovely ward, in thee
" The richeſt, faireſt, happieſt Bride ſhall ſee:
" A Peer of high renown, and noble race,
" With eager tranſport waits thy long'd embrace;
" Your hands the Prieſt in ſacred bands ſhall join,
" And make you his, and him for ever thine.
" Sooner, " with warmth replies the bluſhing maid,
" Death low in earth ſhall ſee me gently laid,
" Sooner the world unſpotted will I leave,
" And join in cold eſpouſals with the grave.
" Yes, yes, *Fidelio*, by the laws divine,
" I am,

" I am, I will be ever, ever thine;
" No force of human laws can part us now,
" Dread Heav'n has hear'd and ratify'd our vow.
Stung to the heart with rage at this reply,
The gath'ring fury kindles in his eye;
As wolves or hungry Lions ſeize their prey,
Sudden he drags the trembling nymph away:
Deaf to her plaintive cries, and piteous moan
The monſter leaves her cloſe confin'd alone,
Relentleſs leaves her, poor afflicted fair!
To grief, to tears, to frenzy, and deſpair.
Each day to gain his venal ends he tries
To ſhake her firm reſolves, and ſeize the prize;
Uſes all means to frighten or beguile,
Now arm'd with threats, now ſoften'd to a ſmile.
In vain: *Fidelio*'s image long confeſt
The lovely inmate of her faithful breaſt,
Fixes her conſtant heart beyond controul,
And arms with love and fortitude her ſoul.
Now long in vain at eve, and early morn,
The youth around the groves had ſtray'd forlorn;

Waiting

Waiting th' embraces of his lovely maid,
In vain the cot he viſits, and the ſhade,
In vain with eager hopes expects his bliſs,
The mutual rapture, and the burning kiſs;
In vain he chides the tedious hours, in vain
He ſends in ſighs his wiſhes o'er the plain.

Now fraught with ſpiteful miſchief, fraud, and lies,
Fame curſed *Goddeſs!* thro' the village flies;
Cordelia wedded to a Lord proclaims,
And all his Titles, wealth, and grandeur names.
The cred'lous vulgar ſoon improve the tale,
And waft the news thro' all the neighb'ring vale.
The village nymphs alas! too quickly bear
The wounding tidings to *Fidelio*'s ear,
Tidings which pierc'd his agonizing heart,
Like thoſe dread pangs when ſoul and body part;
Ev'n thoſe of guilty wretches when they die,
Dreading the terrors of Eternity.

Hark! o'er the plain the merry bells reſound,
Cheering the ſtream, and echoing groves around;

To

To thee *Fidelio*, poor unhappy Boy!
The doleful knell of thy departed joy.
Join'd by his fav'rite laſs each joyous ſwain
Prepares the feſtive gambol on the green.
Drove by the gloomy fiend of black deſpair,
While all the woes in all their forms appear,
He hapleſs youth! in bitter anguiſh roves,
Smiting his breaſt, around the well-known groves.
Now wild and frantic o'er the plain he flies,
And ſcares th' affrighted Echo with his cries.
The gloomy landſcape once ſo fair and gay,
Darkens around him in the blaze of day.
At length he hurries to the *Paphian* grove,
Once the ſweet ſcene, and bliſsful ſeat of love;
Where the youth oft beneath the conſcious ſhade,
Had claſp'd in fond embrace his darling maid.
Here pale, and wan, with many a deep-fetch'd groan
Calling for death he ſick'ning lays him down:
Speaking the bitter anguiſh of his ſoul,
The round big tears adown his viſage roll;
Deſpair and horror with their gloomy train
Blacken his ſoul, and fill the darkſome ſcene.

Death awful Death his Siſter Ghoſts alarms,
And hovers round in all his ghaſtly forms,
When with a pang that rends his heart, he cries
" *Cordelia* faithleſs Maid! farewell," and dies.

Scarce had he breath'd his laſt, with wings of love
When lo! *Cordelia* hurries tow'rds the grove;
Broke from her priſon, and the tyrant's chain,
She ſcours in wild confuſion o'er the plain,
Flying for refuge to her lovely ſwain.
When now the Virgin reach'd the fatal ſhade,
Where wrapp'd in death her faithful Shepherd laid,
Thinking that ſleep his weary eyes had clos'd,
And ſlumbers ſweet his careful thoughts compos'd,
Eager to ſnatch the long-forbidden bliſs,
Gently ſhe ſtoops to ſteal a ſleeping kiſs:
But when ſhe finds her Swain depriv'd of breath,
And that his ſlumbers were the ſleep of Death;
Pierc'd with a pang no mortal tongue can tell,
Lifeleſs at once upon his corpſe ſhe fell;
There in a cloſe embrace ſhe fainting lay,
And on his faithful boſom breath'd her ſoul away.

The

The village nymphs and ſwains while blithe they rove,
In cheerful gambols round from grove to grove,
The hapleſs lovers find: in wild affright
Struck with cold horror at the woful ſight,
Together ſwiftly to the Cot they fly
And to the Shepherd tell their tragedy.
The good old man in wild amazement hears
The tragic ſtory drown'd in melting tears,
And all the ſecret of their love declares,
While each young nymph and ſhepherd of the vale
Melt at each tender paſſage of his tale,
With many a ſigh ſoft tears of pity ſhed,
In vain, alas! no tears awake the dead.

Now ſoon one grave the faithful pair receives,
Their pains are buried, but their glory lives,
Lives in eternal bliſs, where ſoar'd above
Their ſouls are join'd in everlaſting love,
Where they enjoy ſecure from grief and woe,
That glorious liberty deny'd below.

Damon

DAMON and *PHILLIS*,

A Paſtoral Dialogue in praiſe of Matrimony.

Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula.——

Horat: Lib: 1 Od: 13

HE.

HAPLESS muſt the Shepherd prove,
Who has never learn'd to love,
Feaſted ne'er his raviſh'd ſenſe,
With the ſweets of innocence,
Ne'er has ſought the nuptial tye,
Hapleſs he, but happy I.

SHE.

Hapleſs is the Maid, who ne'er
Made the rites of Love her care,
Ne'er has found a gentle Youth,
Warm with tenderneſs and Truth,

Ne'er

Ne'er has ſought the nuptial tye,
Hapleſs ſhe, but happy I.

BOTH.

From the nuptial tye alone,
Joys of love and eaſe are known;
From the nuptial tye increaſe
Health, tranquillity, and Peace:
From the nuptial union flow
All the bleſſings here below.

HE.

Firſt my lovely fair, I knew
Truth and happineſs in you,
You real joy alone can give,
For thee alone I wiſh to live,
Bleſs'd and happy thoſe who prove
The cordial ſweets of nuptial love

SHE.

Phillis never caſt an eye,
Aſk'd a bliſs, or breath'd a ſigh,
Ne'er to Cupid bent a knee,
Never *Damon* but for thee;
Bleſt and happy thoſe who prove
The cordial ſweets of nuptial love.

Both

BOTH.

From the nuptial tye alone,
Joys of love and eaſe are known;
From the nuptial tye increaſe
Health, tranquillity, and peace;
From the nuptial union flow
All the bleſſings here below.

HE.

Ev'ry day, a day of Love,
Does our fondneſs ſtill improve,
Care with ſullen look is fled,
Baniſh'd from the nuptial bed:
Would ye Shepherds happy prove,
Learn, O! quickly learn to love.

SHE.

Lock'd within thy arms to reſt
Sorrow ne'er invades my breaſt,
Hence diſquietude and care,
Nought but joy can enter here.
Would ye Virgins happy prove,
Learn O! quickly learn to love.

Both.

BOTH.

From the nuptial tye alone,
Joys of Love and eaſe are known;
From the nuptial tye increaſe
Health tranquillity and peace:
From the nuptial union flow
All the bleſſings here below.

HE.

Hear my pray'r ye pow'rs divine,
Long be gentle *Phillis* mine!
Elſe, if cruelly ſevere
Envious Fates denies my pray'r,
Happy in the nuptial tye,
O! together let us die.

SHE.

Hear ye kind and gracious Gods,
Happy in your bleſt abodes;
Hear my pray'r ye pow'rs divine,
Long be gentle *Damon* mine:
Happy in the nuptial tye
Elſe together let us die.

Both.

BOTH.

From the nuptial tye alone,
Joys of Love and eaſe are known;
From the nuptial tye increaſe
Health, tranquillity, and peace:
From the nuptial union flow
All the bleſſings here below.

A SONG.

I.

DEAREST *Kitty!* kind and fair,
Tell me when, and tell me where;
Tell thy fond and faithful Swain,
When we thus ſhall meet again.
When ſhall *Strephon* fondly ſee
Beauties only found in thee?
Kiſs thee, preſs thee, toy, and play,
All the happy live-long day,
Deareſt *Kitty!* kind and fair,
Tell me when, and tell me where.

All

II.

All the happy day 'tis true,
Bleſt, but only then, with you,
Nightly *Strephon* ſighs alone,
Sighs till *Hymen* makes us one.
Tell me then, and eaſe my pain,
Tell thy fond and faithful Swain,
When the Prieſt ſhall kindly join,
Kitty's trembling hand to mine:
Deareſt *Kitty!* kind and fair,
Tell me when, I care not where.

The Deſpairing SHEPHERD's *Addreſs To a Bower.*

I.

HAIL! conſcious Shade of former bliſs,
Receive once more the lovelick Boy;
Where *Delia* granted firſt the kiſs,
And form'd the plan of future joy.

II.

Here Melancholy learn'd to ſmile,
And Pleaſure took the place of Care;

Here Gladneſs plac'd her Throne awhile,
But ſoon reſign'd it to Deſpair.

III.

For *Delia* falſe to Love and me,
No more will bleſs my longing ſight,
No more this ſcene of pleaſure ſee,
Or haunt the place of paſt delight.

IV.

No more then let thy joyous Spring
Thy cheerleſs branches cloath with pride;
No more in thee let Linnets ſing,
Or Vi'lets creep around thy ſide,

V.

No more let *Zephir*'s balmy breeze
E'er whiſper joy around thy ſhade;
But waft it's fragrance to the trees,
That never ſhelter'd faithleſs maid.

VI.

From yonder far extended vale,
Let ſleepy *Echo* ſoftly riſe,
And faintly to the mountains tell,
That *Delia*'s falſe, and *Strephon* dies.

EPILOGUE
To the ORPHAN.

Acted by the young Gentlemen of Winchester School.

1746.

Spoken by CHAMONT.

Chamont *seeing the dead bodies, enters weeping, then after a little pause thus corrects himself.*

FYE! thou'rt a Soldier; and to whine and cry
To see a few poor silly people die,
But ill becomes the Iron Son of Mars,
Bred up in Death, Destruction, Blood, and Wars.
What tho' the one by marriage is my Brother,
This my acquaintance too, my Sister t'other,
We all must surely die one day or other.
All that thou now canst do is this t'address 'em,
"Alas! poor Souls they're gone, and so God bless 'em.
Or, wouldst thou more peculiar fondness shew 'em,
Add this one friendly pray'r," much good may't do 'em.

Now

EPILOGUE.

Now methinks Ladies (turning to the Pit) *I have done my duty;*
Now for Serina! *now for Love, and Beauty!*
'Gad she is pretty; how I long to bed her!
But then her plaguy Virtue,—'Gad I first muſt wed her.
I ne'er conſider'd that.—what! can'ſt thou leave her?
Why—that would prove unkind: I fear 'twould grieve her.
Beſides if I aright remember, Mr. Caſtalio *ſaid,* " *if you will marry Siſter,*
" *My fortune's thine. weigh this: well—Wife and Gold;*
Freedom and nothing: money and a ſcold:
Stop, let me longer think.—alas! good Brother,
Wou'd I could take the one without the other.
But ſince it can't be thus, however loath,
I'll e'en dare venture, and accept of both.
I can but do, the caſe however bad,
Like many a luſty Brother of the blade,
Dreading the thunder of th' approaching fray,
Take to my legs, and fairly run away.

FINIS.